

Unless you have experienced intense pain, you will never know

I believe that no one knows what it really feels like to be in pain, unless they have really experienced it. Sometimes, I really hate it that no one knows how much I am suffering. They can only sympathise, comfort me and say that I will get better. They say that they know, but they don't. I am sure they have never broken a ligament in the knee before right? They have never had to endure the physical and mental tortures I have to go through. So they will never know and never be able to feel the pain I did.

I used to play basketball for the school. It was everything to me, my teammates and the sport itself. However, everything shattered that split second. It was just one stupid mistake and the whole world crashed down on me. One ligament in my right knee had torn. The pain in my right knee was so excruciating that it forced my sweat and tears out. The pain could have just killed me. Following that, I had to undergo two operations to reconstruct my ligament within a short span of a few months. The doctor had also fixed a screw in my knee. Those few months after I have injured my knee were mere torture. Tears kept raining down. Waves of sadness kept drowning me. I hated this feeling. I hated myself for having to put up with the physical and emotional pain when no one understood me.

I had to quit basketball. I did not want to, but it seemed that the world of basketball had already kicked me out. My basketball journey ended just after two short years. People comforted me, encouraged me, but that did not mean that the internal conflict within myself would end. It was so overwhelming that I just wished I could reverse time. I wanted to go back to being the person playing basketball with my teammates. I wanted to see myself on court, getting the ball in the basket. However, nothing would ever be the same again with a screw fixed in my knee.

Now, I can only see others on court, scoring their baskets and doing cool moves with the basketball. Somehow, as if it is a natural reaction, somewhere in my heart will start to rip apart. I want all this suffering to end. I really want others to understand the gruesome torture I have to face. I really hate the world sometimes for inflicting this bitter agony on me when no one around me understands. They think that they understand, but no, they do not. They do not understand what it really feels like to abandon something that you are really passionate about. They do not understand what it really feels like to have a screw fixed in my knee. They do not understand what it feels like to feel the screw moving inside my knee. They do not understand my sense of uselessness when the physiotherapists say that the muscles in my right leg are weak. No one understands at all.

Unless someone has gone through what I went through, they will never ever understand. Without experiencing the intense anguish, without suffering the emotional and physical pain, they will never know how it really feels like. This I believe.

